THE JOURNAL

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THE JOURNAL Leads Them All By a Big Margin.

In December The Journal, with its 27 issues, carried more columns of advertising than any other paper in the Twin Cities—not excepting the daily and Sunday issues combined.

HERE ARE THE FIGURES;

	Columns.
Journal, 27 issues	1411
Tribune, Daily and Sunday, 31 issues	1356
Times, Daily and Sunday, 31 issues	908
Dispatch, 27 issues	1303
Pioneer Press, Daily and Sunday, 31 issues	965
Globe, Daily and Sunday, 31 issues	795

AN INVITATION is extended to all readers of The Journal to visit its Press Room, which is the finest in the west. The battery of presses consists of three four-deck Goss Presses with a total capacity of 144,000 eight-page journals an hour, printed, folded and counted.

The best time to call is from 3:15 to 4:30 p. m.

Inquire at the business office and be directed to the visitors' gallery of the press room.

A Critical Hour.

The speakership contest will be settled in caucus to-night. That is the place to settle it. This is a republican party matter. The party is just now on trial before the people of this state. There has been a very sharp line of cleavage drawn between members of the legislature who support the administration and those who support Dr. Babcock and what he stands for.

It is true that some effort has been made to wipe out this distinction and make it appear there is no opposition to the administration in support of Babcock, but the governor settled that point, if it needed any settling. He has indicated very clearly that he would view the elevation of Dr. Babcock to the speakership by those influences which have made his candidacy formidable, as an act of hostility toward his administration. That it would lay serious if not insurmountable obstacles in the way of legislation favored by the administration there can be little doubt.

The governor has had the courage to do his part toward preventing this outcome. Whatever the results of the caucus may be to-night, he cannot be accused of having, through cowardice or on any other account, failed to give due warning of the danger which threatens.

It is a critical hour for the republican party in Minnesota. Hitherto railway influence in Minnesota politics has not been dominant. To-day it is struggling for the mastery. It remains to be seen by what votes in the republican house this effort will be supported. It is to be hoped that no member of the legislature will think lightly of the significance of his vote at this time. He has serious business on hand—serious for him, serious for his party and serious for the state.

The man who doesn't know how to vote on the speakership and yet who wants to support the state administration and help secure the enactment of legislation for which the administration stands will need a guardian before the session is over.

Chinese Indemnity and Silver.

According to a Peking cable, the powers who signed the Chinese peace protocol, except our own government, have notified China that she may expect "grave consequences" if she defaults in paying the January installment of the 450,000,000 taels war indemnity in gold. Our government, to whom an installment of $496,098 was due on Jan. 1, has heretofore shown to China its willingness to take its installments at the exchange rates current when the peace protocol was signed. At that time the haikwan tael, in which the indemnity was to be paid, was fixed at 74.2 cents of our money, but silver has declined about 25 per cent since the signatures were attached to the protocol, so that the indemnity, originally 450,000,000 taels, has expanded to over 560,000,000 taels. The July installment was paid in silver by China and accepted by the powers, who reserved the right to reclaim the difference between the gold and silver basis. The Chinese government argues that it ought not to be required to indemnify the powers for the heavy decline of silver. Our government alone has admitted the justice of this claim and Great Britain has been considering the policy of accepting payment until 1910 in silver, but she has not yet decided to do so.

Meantime the exaction of payments on the gold basis, compelling China to be a large disburser of silver, has minimized her power to buy merchandise abroad and that is an important fact, for China buys $200,000,000 worth of foreign goods a year. The threat by the powers of "grave consequences" to China if she refuses to pay in gold the indemnity, smacks of the old predatory spirit which was the cause of the Boxer uprising and the tragedies of 1900 in Peking. Our government has consistently demanded just treatment for China and the Chinese public men and government recognize the fact.

It would seem that if the powers wish to encourage Chinese trade, they will relinquish their avowed purpose of bullying China into gold payment of the war indemnity. The claims presented by the powers for losses during the Boxer trouble were greatly exaggerated. This is demonstrated by the action of our government in scaling down the claims of missionaries and others for damages rated too high. The Russian and German claims were enormously exaggerated and should be scaled down to a reasonable figure. Our government is setting them a good example in more ways than one.

Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst got off a pretty good thing yesterday when he said: "A socialist is not a man who wants to divide his money with his neighbors, but a man who wants his neighbors to divide their money with him." Nine times out of ten a socialist is one who has little if anything to divide.

A Farmer's Investment.

The Rockford, Ill., Register tells of a farmer of Scandinavian birth who counted among his possessions 320 acres of land and a promising son. The boy had always worked on the farm, and his education had been limited to what he could learn in the country school during the winter term. The father was aware that he had not learned by rough experience all there is to know about farming, and so he decided to give his son two thirteen-week terms in a state agricultural college, the boy agreeing to work on the farm between terms. After the course was completed, the father was asked what it had done for the boy.

He said that "it had done wonders; that the boy was taking up the farm work in a different and better way; that he could repair any of the farm machinery, adjust the farm separator, test the milk and the cows; had learned how to judge stock; could pick out a good cow on sight; knew how to properly balance the rations fed; could treat the sick animals on the farm, and wanted me to take five or six of the best agricultural papers. He did all his work with more method and intelligence, and so accomplished more with less labor. He did not get the big head and want to become a professor and teacher, and has settled down to his old farm work as steady as an old clock. It cost me $325 to give him this course of study, and it was the best investment that I ever made. The fact is, the boy knows more than I do, but he is kind enough never to rub it in."

There are many Minnesota farmers who can duplicate this experience. Fathers on the farm can make no better investment than to send their boys to the agricultural school. Some of the graduates of the Minnesota school, whose careers after graduation have been followed, have been able to increase the revenue of the old farm 50 per cent and more by the introduction of the methods and the application of the knowledge they acquired at school. To educate a farmer's boy at the farm school is to educate the farmer, lift him out of ruts, teach him the possibilities and nobility of his calling and impress him that there is as much room for brains on the farm as in commerce or industry. One such modernized farmer lifts up a whole farming community to better things.

By the time there are several thousand of these educated farmers scattered over the state, farming in Minnesota will be something vastly different from what it was a few years ago, and what it is now.

William Henry Eustis, our ex-mayor, is in Hawaii on a special mission for the treasury department. Saturday he got hold of the Hawaiian end of the cable and sent a message to Secretary Shaw, characteristic of the man. William Henry can generally be counted upon as being in it when there is anything doing.

The Decline in Silver.

During the year just closed the price of silver fell in New York from 55⅛ cents on Jan. 1, to 47⅞ cents per ounce on Dec. 31. On Jan. 1, 1901, the price was 64 cents an ounce. Naturally the silver countries, which have to settle their foreign bills on the gold basis, suffer from this slump and there is small prospect of relief, China being among the worst sufferers because of the big war indemnity. In the Philippines the rate of exchange with gold has been a serious embarrassment to business on account of the fluctuations within very wide limits, making trade uncertain and the marking of prices on goods a venture.

Governor Taft, in his current annual report upon the conditions in the islands, emphasizes the necessity of securing a stable currency for the people there, who ought to have as good and sound currency as we have in the states. Congress can give relief by passing the bill already introduced to keep silver at a fixed relation with gold, providing that the gold dollar shall be the standard monetary unit, supporting a limited coinage of silver pesos of 416 grains each, two of which shall be equal to a gold dollar. The Mexican dollar, which is practically the unit of value in the islands, fluctuates in value every day and the insular government itself has lost over a million dollars in gold by these fluctuations, while the business and commercial interests have suffered greatly from the same cause and merchants are buying less goods than formerly and prices are advancing. The most serious results of the monetary situation are found among the people who have to pay very much higher prices for their food, on account of the depreciation of silver, as well as a short rice crop.

Four state banners have been awarded at annual national contests for the credit of producing the best butter, and Minnesota has won three of them, Illinois getting the fourth. That is an easy fact to remember and a good one when you hear any one discussing the comparative merits of different sections of the country as butter producers.

Putting Life in John Bull.

One of the interesting results of the Amerisan "invasion" of England is to lead the British iron and steel men to abandon their old, slovenly system which ignored the adoption of a standard of sizes of structural work for bridges, etc., by which a contract could be filled in a very short time, as in this country, where many contracts for bridges and other construction have been taken out of British hands for the reason that contractors are prepared to fulfil their contracts in one-fourth or less time than the British manufacturers can. This is to be changed since the latter have discovered that they are far behind their competitors and must exploit innovations whether their workmen like it or not. The manufacturers have had an "engineering standards committee" sitting for some time to devise a standard of sizes and sections and save some of Britain's great industries from extinction through the superior mechanical methods of American shops. Not long ago the construction of a bridge in South Africa was delayed many weeks while an odd section was made which the manufacturer was not able to furnish at once. The British manufacturer takes weeks to install a new plant to make a size or section of metal he had made no provision for. The simple adoption of a standard system of sizes and sections would remove the difficulty.

Our English friends have learned many things from us during the last two years. At first there was indignation at the audacity of Americans who wrested contracts from them the world over. Sober second thought led them to search for the reason. Half a dozen or more parties of English investigators into our industries have come, scrutinized, noted and gone home and reported with such effect that the hum of reform work is heard wherever the tall chimneys loom up, and American ideas are dominant even in English railway circles. Uncle Sam, in fact, is graciously helping John Bull to his feet again and taking him under his capacious umbrella out of the rain. In the same kindly spirit he is putting industrial life and vigor into Canada.

The republic of Mexico is often referred to slightingly as more of a dictatorship than a republic. However that may be, a recent incident furnishes evidence of more responsiveness on the part of the Mexican government to the interests of the people than we seem to be able to secure from our government in at least one important particular. There is a wheat ring in Mexico—what in this country would be called a wheat trust. It undertook to force up the price of wheat arbitrarily. This entailed great hardship upon the poor. In Mexico there is a tariff on wheat. The government abolished the tariff and down came the price of wheat.

We do not do things that way in this country. We talk about it, but action has thus far gotten very little beyond the stage of talk.

The attempt of the Tribune to minimize the importance of the speakership contest is called to the attention of members of the legislature, who really think it important that the administration should be sustained in this matter. The Tribune is apparently quite willing that Mr. Babcock should be speaker.

Although this trust question ought to be the most important thing before congress, it appears that the house judiciary committee, before which committee the trust legislation must pass, has been invited and at present seems likely to go in a body on a junketing tour to Texas to celebrate the inauguration of a member of the committee who has been elected governor of that state.

SAMPSON - SCHLEY CONTROVERSY EXPLAINED.

Review of Reviews.

Perhaps one of the characteristic things about Mr. Bowen is the way he takes pains to praise others who help him in his work. Notice how he gave Mr. Harrington the credit in the Barcelona incident. And notice also how he now goes out of his way to praise Mr. Russell, the American secretary, for all the good work he is doing. Had Admiral Sampson adopted this policy in his famous dispatch after the Santiago victory, there would have been no Schley controversy, and he would have rivaled Dewey in the hearts of the people.

WIFE & CO.

Beside the glowing embers we
Need envy no one's pelf;
Content am I to partner be
In firm of "Wife and Self."

Swift glide away the last low sands,
Fast fades the hearth-fire's light;
We face the world with wedded hands—
Good night, old year, good night!

—Margaret S. Sangster.

IN A NUTSHELL....

Racial Elements in Canada—The British Element Is Slowly Dying Out.

The New York Sun thinks that whether American immigration into Canada is sufficient to have any effect or not, loyalty to the British crown will at no distant day cease to be a dominant sentiment in Canada. British sentiment in Canada, which is so flamboyant in some of the newspapers, is largely confined to Scotch and English emigrants and their descendants and the descendants of the loyalist refugees from the thirteen colonies during and following the revolution. The census of 1901 shows that it is precisely this element of the population that is increasing most slowly.

Immigration into Canada from the United Kingdom is not sufficient to offset the death loss of previous immigrants. Between 1871 and 1901 the number of Canadians of English, Irish or Scotch nativity decreased from 485,524 to 389,062. On the other hand the number of immigrants from other countries residing in Canada increased from 131,083 in 1871 to 278,804 in 1901. The present immigration is less than one-third British. The United States supplies more than a third, and the rest comes from continental Europe. However much these immigrants may become attached to Canada, they will never acquire much British sentiment.

The French Canadians are increasing much faster than the Canadians of English-speaking races. They double their numbers every twenty-five years. In Quebec the birth rate is 36.86 per thousand. If the French-Canadians could be kept from emigrating to the United States they would soon dominate Canada, leaving out of consideration what immigration may do to offset that tendency. At any rate they will greatly outnumber Canadians of British and Irish descent by the middle of this century. With this compact French mass on one hand and a large European and American mass on the other that will be absolutely without attachment to the British throne, it is plain that independence or union with the United States will be a live issue in Canada before many years have elapsed. It is useless to talk about the loyalty of the French-Canadians to the British empire. They are not loyal in any true sense, and they can not be counted upon as a bond between the Canada of the future and the British empire.

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed.

Venezuela is said to be the place the asphalt pavements come from. No wonder they are shot full of holes.

The pawnbrokers must have put in swimming tanks. Over 18,000 watches were "soaked" last year.

May Yohe's mommer says "the children," meaning May and General Strong, are just as happy as turtle doves. That is because mommer is with them.

A Washington official says that retail meat prides are "extortionate." And they sent that out for news!!

A New England Primer recently brought $2,500 in New York. In the Primer it will be remembmered,

Zachees, he
Did climb a tree

but he never got as high as this price.

Nicaragua's volcanoes were so pleased at the Panama canal situation that they all let go at once.

The professors in the Chicago university who are cheerfully drawing their monthly oil, claim to have discovered why Dr. John Bascom, formerly president of Wisconsin University, made such a severe attack on the "tainted" Rockefeller millions. It seems that Dr. Bascom "writ a book," as our friend Dr. Richard Burton would say, and sent it for review to the American Journal of Sociology and to the Journal of Political Economy. Now it also seems that both of these journals of public opinion are run by gasolene motors, that is, they are published by the University of Chicago. The astute editors detected a flagrant anti-Rockefeller tone in Dr. Bascom's book and they fell upon it heartily, or as one professor says, they "criticised it with some severity." This, they claim, made Dr. Bascom mad and he slipped into Chicago and proceeded to bat his friends with an ax and to call the money by which the Chicago university existed "corrupt."

We do not at this time care to enter a dispute precipitated over the matter of business morality, having a few minor troubles of our own to look out for, but we notice with interest if not with undisguised pleasure that the Rev. W. B. Riley of this city cannot forbear taking a wallop at the brethren and expressing his regret not only at some of the financial features of the great university but incidentally slapping the hands of its theology. From this we look for serious trouble. A man may have his financial integrity impugned and remain calm—even cheerful. But when you intimate that his theology has birdsnests in it, then he is going to fight.

If we may be pardoned the suggestion offered in all friendliness, would it not be well for us brethren to lay aside our stern and forceful axes of controversy and every man clear his own thought of malice and uncharitableness? You begin first.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

"The Suburban," with its racing scene and its stirring events, opened a half week engagement at the Metropolitan last night. "The Evil Eye" began a week's run at the Bijou and the Ferris company returned to the Lyceum with a revival of "The Still Alarm." The bills will be reviewed in this column to-morrow.

Next week at the Lyceum the Ferris Stock company will produce a new comedy drama, "Woman Against Woman." At the Tuesday matinee a pretty souvenir will be presented to each lady attending.

Replete with powerful climaxes and thrilling situations is "The Daughter of Hamilcar," Stanislaus Stange's version of Flaubert's "Salambo" in which Blanche Walsh is to be seen at the Metropolitan the last half of this week. It affords Miss Walsh full opportunity for the display of her extraordinary capabilities in the portrayal of the tenderest and strongest of human emotions. Charles Dalton and an excellent company of over sixty people will be seen in support.

Adelaide Thurston will appear at the Metropolitan the first half of next week commencing Sunday night in a new play by Pauline Phelps and Marion Short, entitled "At Cozy Corners." The play deals with life in a New York village and the story is one of tender human interest.

With a well known array of comedians, singers and dancers and a number of European novelties, all of the highest class, Primrose & Dockstader will present their big minstrels at the Metropolitan for three nights and mattinee beginning Jan. 15.

Robert Mantell will present next week at the Bijou several of his successes. On Sunday afternoon and evening, Monday and Tuesday nights, "The Dagger and the Cross," will be the bill. For Wednesday matinee the only performance of "The Lady of Lyons" will be presented. Wednesday and Thursday nights "Monbars" will be given, and for Friday, Saturday matinee and night, "The Face in the Moonlight."

DAILY DIVERSION

Slightly Tangled—J. Edward Weld, the artist, and a member of the Harvard Club of New York, loves a good story, even if it happens to be at his own expense, as the following that he tells certainly is:

"While off on my vacation last summer I was asked by a young lady at the hotel if I would mind doing a small favor for her.

"'Certainly not,' I said eagerly; 'what is it?'

"'Thank you, so much!' she exclaimed gratefully. 'I wish you would stop at Mrs. Gannon's little shop and get three large bone buttons—the kind with two small holes in them. They're for my new bathing suit, you know. You needn't pay for them—just tell her who I am and it will be all right.'

"Now, I'm a batchelor, and had never bought anything but collar buttons before. So on my way to the store I kept repeating the instructions I had received. Eager to relieve my mind, I rushed up to Mrs. Gannon and reeled off this surprising speech:

"'I want three bone buttons for a small bathing suit with two large holes in it. Just tell me who I am and it will be all right!'"

OTHER PEOPLE'S NOTIONS

The Minnehaha Pavilion.

To the Editor of The Journal:

My attention has ben called to a communication in one of your morning contemporaries signed "X," to which I wish to reply. The writer discusses the action of the park board at its last meeting in granting a ten years' privilege to sell refreshments at Minnehaha Park to Mr. Barnet. The objections are:

First—That the concession to the park board for this privilege is merely "nominal."

Second—That bids were not asked, and

Third—That there were others who would pay more for the pranchise than Mr. Barnet has agreed to pay.

Permit me to say in answer to those objections that Mr. Barnet's agreement binds him to turn over a pavilion which would cost to construct $11,500 in good condition at the end of ten years, which is a rental of $1,150 per year and interest on the investment. In addition he turns over the pavilion as soon as finished to the park board, taking a lease, agreeing to keep it insured, in a good state of repair, and to furnish well and amply light it throughout, and to subject himself to the supervision of the park board as to the general conduct of his business in that building and the quality and prices of refreshments furnished. This is certainly more than a "nominal" consideration.

As to bids for the privilege, it is proper to say that the park board is not supposed to be so much interested in a small increase in yearly rental as in having a competent man whose guarantee to successfully and decently manage the business is worth something. Mr. Barnet has demonstrated a worthiness beyond question. His management of the pavilion at Harriet, at Wildwood and at Como prove him to be not only a capable man for the position, but a good citizen who is interested in making desirably popular our beautiful summer resorts.

Also at the expiration of his lease the pavilion reverts entirely to the park board.

I do not know who else would like to get the privilege or how much they are willing to pay for it, but I can vouch for the general desire that Minnehaha park be rid of the temptations to vicious people which would result, in my opinion, should Mr. Barnet open and conduct an attractive place.

Other cities of this country let those privileges for much less money than is offered Minneapolis and in every instance they consider as of paramount importance the character and ability of the men to whom they grant such franchises.

Mr. Barnet, I belive, will so conduct the proposed pavilion that the profits of the other places now at Minnehaha park will be greatly reduced and the trouble in condemning and securing possession of the land upon which they stand will be much less. For years we have waited for a pavilion at Minnehaha park and now that we are able to get it, and on such favorable terms, "X" and every other citizen interested in our beautiful city and its splendid park system, is cordially invited to join in taking the first step towards giving us a respectable pavilion of such proportions as may be adequate for the accommodations of the people.

—Wm. R. Dobbyn.

Chinese Names.

To the Editor of The Journal:

To one somewhat familar with the make up of Chinese names the following from the pen of Fannie Brigham, seems very funny:

The little son of the former Chinese minister and Mme. Wu, whom his schoolmates called "Chow-chow," will be greatly missed this year at the legation of the flowery kingdom. He is a bright and lovable lad and never resented the nickname, although his more dignified title was really Choa Chou Ting Fang.

In spite of his oriental training, he enjoyed Christmas to the top of his bent, just like an American small boy, and levied gifts upon the whole legation. It was also his custom to go alone on Christmas morning to the White House, carrying a huge bouquet to present to the mistress thereof. Gentle Mrs. McKinley expected him with the greatest pleasure and always had her gift ready for him.

The baby son of the present charge d'affaires of the Chinese legation and Mme. Shen Tung is too small to care much about our festival as yet. He was born on the Fourth of July, and his name—being longer than himself, beginning with Washington and, after half a dozen or more Chinese jaw-dislocators, ends, of course, with Shen Tung.

Usually when the correspondents speak of ex-Minister Wu, and go no farther into his names, they land all right. But when they try to get the Ting Fang part in, they are usually as much at sea as is Miss Brigham in the aobve article.

It does not seem to be generally known that a Chinaman always puts the family, or surname first. Then, if we would attempt to Anglicise the ex-minister's name it would read something like this, Mr. Tingfang Wu. Little "Chow Chow's" name would not be "Choa Chou Tingfang" but Choa Chou Wu; or, properly, Wu Choa Chou, as his father's name is Wu Tingfang. And as to the new baby: although it may have "half a dozen Chinese jaw dislocators" as a part of its name, it does not "end of course, with Shen Tung." It is simply baby Shen, without the father's given name (Tung) added to it. The Chinese always place the "family name" first; and they have a very good reason for it, viz., reverence for the father. With us, this regard for father and mother, finds its expression in the endearing names, "the old man," "the governor" or "the old woman;" but the Chinese boy out of respect to his father, always calls the father's name first as his father had done before him; and this is followed by his own given name, feeling that nothing could show greater disrespect to the father than for the child to place its own little given name before his.

So our friend Jee Gam, the first Chinese convert on the coast, belongs to the Jee family, and his "mamma name," as the Chinese put it is Gam. We often get letters from one of his sons, and they are always signed Jee Luther McLean. If our young people could be brought up with this "heathen Chinee" idea, what a wonderful advance in civilization it would give us. With us in Christian America, in this the twentieth century, there is still too much of the same spirt that 3000 years ago prompted the young people of Bethel to go out and call to the prophet Elijah as he passed by "go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head." Although many of them have "ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain," there are many good things that we may learn from the "heathen Chinee."

—G. A. Cable,
616 Eighth street S, Minneapolis.

GROM EVERYWHERE.

India's coal fields cover an area of 40,000 square miles.

Chinatown, in San Francisco, has four papers published in Chinese. For setting each of these over 11,000 different types are necessary. Setting 4,000 characters is a good day's work.

Iowa authorities have decided that anyone can open a savings bank in that state so long as he does not use the words "savings bank" or "savings institution" in describing the business of the concern.

Ten and a half hours is the limit allowed by law for a day's work in factories, women and children, as well as men, in France. Twelve hours is the maximum day in factories employing men exclusively.

At the present day many cotton mills are working in Bombay, and more will soon be started. Already the entire yarn supply of India, and to some extent of China and Japan, is furnished by the Bombay mills.

The English delegates to the international tuberculosis congress at Berlin reported that the death rate in the United Kingdom in 1538 from consumption was 38 per 1,000. This has been reduced to 13, or more than 60 per cent.

The people of the United States are aiding largely to the development of Canada. Within the past year millions of dollars have been invested there in agricultural and timber lands, mining and manufacturing industries.

Professor Hall, in a recent number of the Astronomical Journal, has determined the mass of the rings of Saturn to that of the planet as 1 to 7,092. The mass of Titan, its largest satellite, is to that of Saturn as 1 to 4,500.

Sir Cupid of the Purple Heart

By Grace Rowan

(Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure.)

The fates selected Paul Harvey's devotion for his sister as their tool, and with it drove him straight to his doom.

His idolatrous affection for his tall, stately Virginia, who had "mothered" him ever since the death of their parents, made superstitious women shake their heads, and his club friends smile. When Virginia married rich, easy-going James Drew, people said things would change, and Paul would certainly marry and settle down, just as such an eligible person as he owed it to society to do.

But things did not change. Paul explained that Virginia's heart was roomy enough for them both, and while he dwelt nominally at his university club, the real hearth-fire continued to burn for him in Virginia's beautiful home.

And so it happened that when Virginia's second birthday after her marriage drew near, the question of selecting a suitable gift for her exercised Paul's mind considerably more than the fate of certain stocks he had on the market. His broker

"IT IS ODD TO SEE HOW COMPOSEDLY SHE MEETS THE WOMEN FOR WHOM SHE ONCE MADE GERMAN FAVORS."

was paid to look after his business. There was no one he would trust with the selection of Virginia's present.

To his bewildered brain it seemed as if there was nothing which she did not have; then he remembered the dinner she was to give when a certain art connoisseur should arrive from Paris, and he decided that some unique decoration for her table should form his gift. Further it should be orchids in some shape of form, for orchids of a peculiar pinkish-lavender, with great purple hearts, were Virginia's hobby. This idea he carried to Mrs. Donnelly a sympathetic friend whose fad was charity bazaars and from her he obtained the address of a young woman who made silk candle shades of exceeding daintiness.

"But, my dear Paul," added Mrs. Donnelly, as she wrote the address on her card, "Miss Carr's prices will probable stagger you. She charges fearfully for those flimsy little things, but she gets her price and you must stand for it. You see, Mrs. Van Allen and her set have taken her up and she has all the orders she can fill."

Paul smiled as he slipepd the card in his pocket. Compared to the pearls he had given Virginia last year, a couple of silk candle shades would be a mere bagatelle, but what pleased him and he knew would please Virginia was the personal thought the gift would carry. Virginia was absurdly sentimental for a woman five feet ten who effected tailor-made clothes.

And that is how Paul Harvey stood before the small, private entrance of the Carr flat one crisp January morning, with a bit of pasteboard in the irreproachably gloved fingers, the popular air of a new musical comedy on his lips, and ignorance of impending danger in his heart. Then she opend the door, and he found himself clutching after a bit of pasteboard that was slipping from his fingers. The soft whistle died on his lips, and a peculiar something in the place where he had heretofore supposed his heart rested, clicked out a danger signal.

He introduced himself, presnted his friend's card and stated his errand, but all quite mechanically. His real self was asking itself the most absurd questions, such as whether copper colored hair like hers wasn't much more effctive than Virginia's blonde locks, and why a girl with a carriage like that was working for a lot of inconsiderate, snobbish women, instead of making some good, appreciative chap ridculously happy.

He was so busy thinking this out that he was quite annoyed when, seated in the diminutive drawing room, he found himself face to face with a mass of "silk things" in many colors, shades of poppies, of roses, of violets, of chrysanthemums. He wondered if a flower grew that could hold the warm light of her wavy hair, or if ever a lily was of an ivory so pure as her face.

"Is ther anything here you like?" she was saying and he gripped hard on his cane.

"No, you see, Virginia goes in for orchids. She has such jolly good taste—"

"Yes," suggested the girl sympathetically.

"Her favorite is a purple with a deeper purple heart, and I want the shades just like her favorite flower."

"Well, shall we have a large shade, hung with small orchid blossoms, or each shade a single bloom?"

"Bless me, I don't know. You look as if you knew best about that—" and he almost added "and everything else."

The girl was looking a bit perplexed. "If only I could see one of the flowers I could reproduce its tints very closely in silk."

Paul beamed.

"The very best thing! I'll call a cab and we'll drive right down to Shoreley's. His orchids are the finest in town."

A deep flush spread over Sylvia Carr's face, but she spoke quietly and calmly.

"That is quite impossible. My mother is not well enough for me to leave her to-day."

But Paul was already groaning in spirit. "Cad that I am to think she is the sort to ride round in cabs with strange fellows," quite forgetting that he was an eligible in favor with all chaperons. Then his face brightened.

"I'll have some sent up, and please make a dozen shades. I forget how many candles she uses, but she must have plenty that night. And by the way, you wouldn't mind if I dropped in occasionally to see how they are coming on? You know Virginia is a jolly good sort, the best sister in the world, and—well, I rather think I take more pleasure in making her a gift than she does in receiving it. It's such good fun to think of how surprised and pleased she'll be."

Sylvia hesitated, then smiled.

"I will have some ready to show you by Friday."

And Paul realized that the interview was over.

An hour later Sylvia opened a florist's box and gave a cry of delight. Never had she seen such tints as met her gaze in the purple hearts of those orchids, and under the orchids were other blossoms, sweet scented and dewy.

"These for the mother who is not feeling so well to-day," read the card, but Sylvia put a white rose in her hair, and when, with one of the orchids in her hand, she started out to buy silk for the shades, she remarked inconsequently, "Of course it is absurd, but I am glad they are for his sister, even if she is the Mrs. Drew who rolls by me in her carriage."

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The shades were finished—barely in time for the birthday. Sylvia had never done more exquisite work, and now she hated to pack them one by one in their dainty nests of tissue paper. A perfect orchid, each one of them, and when they saw the light once more it would be at a feast graced by clever men and beautiful women. But they would go out of her life forever. Something else would go out of her life, too, those pleasant little chats across her sewing table where Paul Harvey had watched the orchids grow. Yes, it was all true, this gossip, that Paul gave all his heart to his sister. But perhaps if a certain slump in stocks and an absconding cashier had not done their united worst for herself and her mother, it might have been different.

And she closed the box sharply, tied the twine in hard knots and went out for a walk. She would not be home when the messenger called.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. James Drew was giving an "afternoon." The crowd was thinning out, and the hostess was standing in a small alcove with Mrs. Donnelly. Said the latter:

"My dear Virginia, I shall always feel that it was my fault. I sent your brother to Sylvia Carr for those miserable orchid shades and now—"

Virginia Drew smiled with lips that quivered just a trifle.

"And now my brother says he is the happiest man in the world. It is odd to see how composedly she meets the women for whom she once made german favors, but she has certainly been a success, don't you think so?"

Mrs. Donnelly noded her head, and they both glanced at the graceful figure, crowned with copper-colored hair, crossing the room in long trailing robe of softest gray. Virginia Drew stretched out her hand to touch a silken orchid which topped a silver candle stick.

"I shall keep them always. For in their great purple hearts is woven the love story of the dearest and best brother in the world."

Books and Authors

CHIVERS AND POE.

The Poe-Chivers papers published in the January Century, furnish additional light on the character of Poe and certainly show his Georgia friend, Dr. Chivers, in an interesting light. Chivers was a poet and a contributor to the Southern Literary Messenger when Poe edited that magazine at Richmond. When Poe edited Graham's Magazine he deferred editorially to Chivers as "one of the best and one of the worst poets in America, his figures of speech are metaphor run mad, and his grammar none at all." For this Poe apologized to Chivers, who, in some reminscences of Poe after the latter's death now published for the first time, describes Poe as "the incarnation of the Greek Prometheus chained to the Mount Caucasus of demi-civilized humanity, with the black vulture of envy feeding on his self-replenished heart, while upon his trembling lips sat enthroned the most eloquent persuasion alternating with the bitterest, triumphant and God-like scorn." Chivers himself was Shelley-mad, intoxicated with the tumultuary imaginings of that eccentric genius.

Elizabeth C. Jordan.

The two men, so intimate, were widely apart in their views on most every subject. Poe's true character is revealed in the letters to Chivers and in his conversations with the latter, but one must make allowance for the fact that Chivers did not really fully understand Poe, although he seems to have been awed by his genius.

NEW BOOKS

THE KINDRED OF THE WILD. A Book of Animal Life. By Charles G. D. Roberts, author of "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," etc. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Minneapolis: The New Store. Price $2.

Mr. Roberts, in this attractive volume, brings his readers into intimate relations with wild animals of all kinds, so that they follow them in their daily lives of peril, rapine or peace, making the study most informing and interesting. Mr. Roberts sees a personality envisaged in the expression of the eyes and faces of animals, and believes that, with some varying limitations, they can and do reason. These limitations are, of course, formidable, for the animal has never reasoned himself into a progressive life. These stories are all well told and are attractive for both young and old. There is a fine inspiration, too, in such stories as that of the eagle—"The Lord of the Air."

THE BEST OF STEVENSON. Edited by Alexander Jessup. The Best of Balzac. Edited by the same. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Minneapolis: Evans, Munzer, Pickering & Co. Price $1.25 per volume.

Mr. Jessup has been judicious in his selections from these voluminous authors. In the Stevenson book he gives such stories and essays as "Will o' the Mill" and "Virginibus Puerisque," the former being one of the finest of Stevenson's short stories. Mr. Jessup gives an interesting analysis of Stevenson's peculiar style in his introduction. In the Balzac "best" we find "A Passion in the Desert," "The Meeting in the Convent," "Master Cornelius," "The Duel," "La Grande Breteche," "Adieu," and "Love and the Chasm." These give a fair idea of the attractions of the French realist, but, as Mr. Jessup admits, not all the "best of Balzac," who left 140 volumes of stories and plays. Both these "best" books will serve the purpose of introducing Stevenson and the Frenchman to those not very familiar with either. Each volume contains a bibliography of the authors considered.

ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENTS AND THEIR USE. By Arthur Nelson, author of "A Critical History of Opera." Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price $1.60 net.

The author does not include among his "savage instruments" the piano, which, in these latter days, has become in the hands of a vast multitude of incompetents, an instrument of torture. He gives a very interesting history of orchestral instruments and sketches of the great masters, dwelling necessarily on the violin, which is such an important feature of orchestral music. The chapter on the orchestra is very interesting. Haydn and Mozart were the first great composers to write out their orchestral works in full. Beethoven was a poor conductor. Spohr and Weber were better, but the art of conducting did not reach its present standard until Mendelssohn wielded the baton. The author discusses the leading orchestral conductors of the present time, including Theodore Thomas, whom he compliments for his gifts as a leader and his great fidelity to true art and his successful work in educating public taste in music.

ONE SOURCE OF WEALTH.

Sioux Falls Argus-Leader.

There are far more cattle in South Dakota to-day than there have ever been before. And cattle raising is the most profitable form of farming.